

The MESSENGER

of
OUR
LADY
of
AFRICA



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MISSIONARY GUILDS OF OUR LADY OF AFRICA

A Mission Guild of Our Lady of Africa is established to help the Missions under the special protection of Our Lady, Queen of Africa. Just as every other guild or club, there must be a President and other officers. There must also be promoters, who try to get as many members as possible.

The members of the Guild promise to contribute a certain small amount for Our Lady's Missions every week. As a reminder of their promise and at the same time to facilitate the putting aside of this small sum, the members, at their enrollment in the Guild, receive a little bag in which they may keep their weekly offering. At the close of every ten weeks, the promoters collect the total for the missions.

A meeting is called for the promoters to give in the offerings of their members, which is then sent to the Sisters. This meeting may also be a little social gathering for the promoters.

Who would miss five or ten cents a week? However, this sum, although small in itself, when donated by a number of people each week, becomes no less than a fortune in Mission land.

Who can estimate the number of hearts, living tabernacles, in which God will reign, simply because a nickle or dime was put aside each week for the missions? And who can conceive the reward that Our Lady of Africa will obtain from her Divine Son for those who help to extend His Kingdom among the Mohammedans and pagan Africans.

SPECIAL FAVORS ARE GRANTED TO PROMOTERS BY THE HOLY SEE

A plenary Indulgence may be gained under the usual conditions on:

- (a) the day of their enrollment as promoters.
- (b) the following Feasts: Immaculate Conception, Saint Augustine, Saint Monica, Saint Peter, and Saint Francis Xavier.

The Masses said for promoters after their death at any Altar will procure for their souls the same favors as if the Masses were said on Privileged Altars.

FOR ORDINARY MEMBERS

Three Masses are said every month for the living and deceased members. Moreover, they share in the apostolic labors of all the Sisters of the Congregation and in the prayers said for them in all the convents of the Congregation.

For information about vocations, write to our American Postulate:

Reverend Mother Superior

319 Middlesex Avenue, Metuchen, New Jersey.

SPIRITUAL ADVANTAGES

Three Masses are said monthly for the living and deceased benefactors of the Congregation of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa. Moreover, they share in the prayers and apostolic labors of over thirteen hundred White Sisters, who are working in the African Missions; and in the prayers and acts of self denial that the Natives, so willingly, offer up daily for their benefactors.

To avoid the Mission unnecessary expense, kindly notify us immediately of a change of address. If you do not, the postal authorities will tax us for their notification.

CONTENTS

	Page
GREETINGS	53
IN SEARCH OF THE STAR	54
GUIDES	55
MY OLD FRIEND	56
SAVING HIS FACE	58
WHAT A DRUM CAN DO	59
GUY DE FONTGALLAND	60

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Our Christmas Greetings, to all the dear Readers of the Messenger are taken from the simple prayer of our little Africans as they come to visit the Crib at the Mission. — To make their prayer more powerful on the Divine Babe and His Blessed Mother, they join the homage of their sacrifices. A mere mite it is, but a mite is their all.



*"Little Lord Jesus, You came for us too,
Out of Your home, up in Heaven so blue,
Were born in a stable a long time ago,
Yet only quite lately did blackamoors know.*

*"Thank You for coming and living on earth,
Thank You for Sisters who tell of Your Birth.
Thank You for those who, though far, far away,
Love little blackamoors; for them do we pray.*

*"Fill their hearts full with Your sweet Christmas
joys,
Bless them that are kind to us, poor blackamoors,
Give them God's plenty; and may their New
Year
Be happy and holy and free from all fear."*

—Extract from *"The Little Blackamoors"*
By Sister Mary John, W. S.

We, their "Mamas", feel confident dear Jesus will grant their request and bless all our dear Benefactors of the African Missions.

In Search of the Star

FROM A RECENT LETTER of our Reverend Mother General we learned with joy that in spite of every day new trials caused by the war, the African Mission Front is expanding. New Arab tribes of the desert are now opening wide the doors of their oases and claiming both for the White Fathers and White Sisters to come, live and labor among them. These invitations inaugurate a new stage in the development of the Sahara Missions.

With this good news Reverend Mother expresses the prayerful hope that the recruiting of missionaries may not slow down in these difficult times, asking all to pray that our dear Lord may send to His African vineyard many many serious and generous vocations.

"Send O Lord workers into Thy vineyard" (500 days indulgence)

* * * * *



All the dear Benefactors and Friends of our African Missions will be happy to learn that after bidding good-bye to the Metuchen Postulate last September 9th, our three Postulants received the white habit of the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa at the Quebec Novitiate.

The reception took place on October 26th, feast of Christ the King. Altogether North America, on that day, gave nine more generous young souls for the African Missions. Here follows the new names of our American trio:

Miss Therese Gemme, Worcester, Mass.	Sister M. Irena
Miss Antoinette Strug, Detroit, Mich.	Sister M. Noelita
Miss Mary Koenigsknecht, Fowler, Mich.	Sister M. Rosita

May other generous souls follow their example by answering the Divine Call to the African Missions.

* * * * *

Heartfelt Gratitude

A very impressive, educational and inspiring Mission Exhibit made a worth while preparation for Mission Sunday in the Springfield Diocese.

Our sincere gratitude is extended to His Excellency, the Most Reverend Thomas J. O'Leary, Bishop of Springfield, Mass., and to the Reverend George J. Hurley, Diocesan Director for the Propagation of the Faith for enabling us to partake in this public manifestation of the "Doings in the Foreign Fields."

It permitted the needy Missionaries to lay before the eyes of the mission-minded people of this Diocese a more vivid and realistic idea of the development as well as the **hard problems** of the Missions.

The Exhibit has already borne fruit, may it continue to enlighten those who are called by God to assist by prayer and sacrifices, but especially the "few chosen", asked by the First Missionary to follow in His footsteps.

The closing was marked out by a procession of several Parochial School children garbed in the habits of the various Communities prior to the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in the Exhibit Auditorium.

May these efforts be not in vain, but bring in many members to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is our sincere wish.

GUIDES

"Girl Scouts in America"

HERE AT RUBAGA we have a small Company of Guides, but for the time being we have no Lieutenant and I must do my own "Captaining."

On Whit-Monday I took them for a picnic to Buddo, a village eight miles away. The Guides walked it, but Sister J. and myself took the bus. We had a lovely time, the Guides cooking their own food and then eating it down by the swimming pool built by the students from King's College. After dinner we went up to the College (it is a Protestant Institution with co-education). There we saw our sister Guides who showed us around the premises, it is a beautiful place, wonderfully well situated right on the top of a hill, a frightful climb up but worth it when you get to the top.

Right now we are busy preparing for a visit from the Chief Guide, Lady Baden-Powell, who was to have come to-day but could not, so we are planning a Rally for Saturday. I hope it goes off well. The

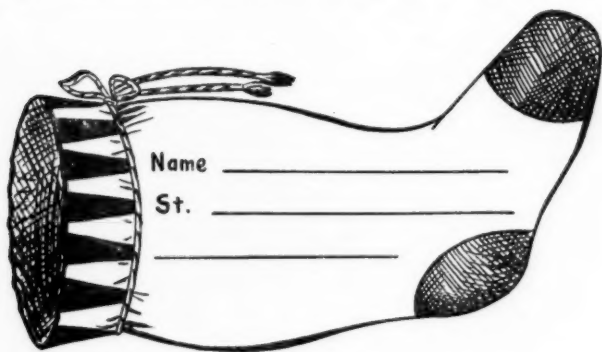
Guides, Girl Scouts, by the way, in the United States are very keen and love Guiding, but we have never yet reached to a First-Class Guide in the Company, that will come later.

You say you wish you could do more for the Missions. I think you do a great deal, after all, helping the houses at home, providing for those who are preparing to

come out here, is one of those "behind the scenes" work that is so necessary for: "the workers are few" and we do sorely need new-comers, who are few and far between in these days.

It is true you have less consolation than we have, but is your work less meritorious? Perhaps it is thanks to your prayers and sacrifices, that our children are progressing as they do. Next term some of my "Sixth" girls shall write to you and tell you something about their homes here, then you will see the progress for yourselves.

Sr. M. Mildred, W. S.,
Rubaga, Uganda



Will You Help Us
Fill This
STOCKING ??

Your Contribution
will be
Gratefully
Appreciated.

Send to: White Sisters Convent, Metuchen, N. J.

LIMPING BADLY,

helped a long by her stout knotty stick, her only dress a piece of yellowish rag, she used to come to the Mission, Sundays and Holydays. Very regularly upon our returning from High Mass, the familiar stick leaning against the wall and foot prints in the dusty courtyard told me who was behind the big post in the corner.



"Are you there, Johanna?"

An old grey head peeped out, two hands appeared on the ground; after an effort to get up, a trembling voice replied: "To be sure, I'm here! Do you think I could come to Mass without coming to say 'Good Morning' to you? You are my father, my mother, my lord, my master . . . and so on with the rest of the litany which I knew by heart, I had heard it so often!

Every time I saw her I could not help thinking of the miracles of God's grace in this soul, once more pagan than all the rest of them together.

Like almost all the old women, she had eyed with distrust the arrival at the Mission of these "women dressed in white" whom every one called "Amai" (Mothers), and who in less than no time had attracted the children, the girls and even the women . . . What did these strangers want in the country? Why should they come disturbing the poor Blacks? and when Anamoyo (that was her name in those days) learnt that far from sharing the pagan beliefs of the country, those sacrosanct beliefs which she guarded so jealously, these women did not even approve of them, oh! there was no bridling her wrath, no stemming the flood of imprecations that flowed from her lips. Oh! no, she was not afraid now to speak her thoughts, to say in good round terms to any one who liked to listen, all the things her cronies murmured among themselves when gathered together in the hut, or behind the enclosure, when they discussed in hushed voices things which were not for outsiders' ears.

Came the day when the Sisters went to visit Anamoyo's village. No sooner had they arrived than all: women, children, young men and girls, ran out to welcome them, — all but a group which kept its

My Old Friend

distance away under the big palm tree . . . It was that of the "elders" headed by Anamoyo.

Noticing their hostility, one of the visitors guessed the reason and whispered in her companion's ears: "The old grannies are not pleased to have us here, they consider us as intruders. We will have a hard time of it, I am afraid, to fight down their fanaticism."

As they passed by, the Sisters stopped for a moment, to say a few words that brought a smile to some of those wrinkled faces: hostility gives way to doubt! That day the visitors stayed no longer. "We will have to come back, and often too," they said to themselves as they turned back.

Some days later, a woman arrived at the Mission, panting for breath . . . "I have seen you somewhere," said the Sister, "but I have forgotten your name. Where are you from? What do you want?" "My Grannie is dead," replied the young woman. "Come quickly and give her that good medicine you have in your little box and she will live." "What, you tell me that your Grannie is dead and yet you want me to give her medicine!"



Sister Mary of the Snows,
Then in Nyassaland.

The poor Sister, a new-comer, is quite mystified, she looks up her dictionary: Kufa, dead. Yes, that is quite right . . . Fortunately, Mother Superior comes to the rescue: "But 'kufa' also means 'in a faint,'" she explains. So without any further delay, off go the Sisters with the wonder-working medicine chest.

On the way, they hear that Anamoyo, the old sorceress is dying. "That one will be hard to convert," say the two Missionaries. "She cannot bear our presence and it seems she makes up all sorts of ugly stories about us. Dear Blessed Lady, help us! Enlighten us! Inspire us!" And as they tread their way along the narrow track, they send up many fervent "Hail Mary" to the Queen of Africa.

Arrived at last, they find the courtyard crowded, the hut full of amulets. "The waiting-room for hell!" murmurs the younger of the Sisters. "Which may become the waiting-room for Paradise, if it be God's will," replies her companion.

The old woman is unconscious, her pulse very fast. The spark of life that remains in that poor body will have to be rekindled if the soul is to be saved. For the present there is nothing to be done.



With hearts a little heavy, yet no without hope, the Sisters made their way home. The next day the patient is quite conscious. An angry look greets the two white faces that bend over her. With a gesture of indignation she tries to push them away. But she is not the first that the White Sisters have to deal with, and they are not so easily rebuffed. "You are in pain, poor Anamoyo, we should so much like to ease you, to help you." "Go away!" "So you do not want some of this medicine that would do you so much good? It would rid you of that nasty fever that makes you tremble." "No, I do not! Go away, will you?"

Seeing that she was working herself up, and would be better left alone, the Sisters are getting ready to take their leave when one of them changes her mind and: "Oh, I quite forgot, I had brought you some salt," and, at the same time draws out of her pocket a little packet. As she opens it, a new interest dawns in the old woman's eyes; the sight of the salt, good white salt, a real treat for the Natives, gives rise to a struggle: if she accepts it, that will look like giving in, admitting herself beaten. No, she will refuse, and yet a little salt would be so good. In face of such temptation, the old woman shuts her eyes tight. The Sister does not insist but tactfully leaves the parcel to the young woman who is looking after her, saying: "I leave it to you, if she does not want it, keep it for yourself."

Homeward bound, the Sisters are full of joy, for they feel sure that with this salt, a mere trifle, God can do great things.

Some days later, the young woman who had called the Sisters to Anamoyo, came back to the Dispensary. "Is your Grannie worse?" asked the Sister anxiously. "Oh, no! Far from it. She is much better." "Do you want some medicine?" "No . . ." said the visitor fingering self-consciously a little basket she had brought. "What is it then? Ah I think I know, you want some salt. Is it your Grannie who sent you?" A moment's hesitation, then: "Yes, - but she does not want you to know." "Good, but tell her from me that I give this salt to you, for yourself, and that I will gladly give her some, but only on condition that she comes for it herself."

Eight days passed by. Things are too busy to admit of a visit to Anamoyo who

(Please turn the page)

My Old Friend (Concluded)

seems to be on the mend, but we continue to pray for her.

One day, at a time when all the roads are deserted and everyone is at work, the red tiles of the dispensary re-echo with the tapping of a fat, knobby stick. Who is it but Anamoyo, looking uneasily to right and left like someone who is afraid of being caught in fault; hesitatingly, she comes nearer, probably with some regrets for having ventured so far, but it is too late to go back, the Sisters have seen her and come to meet her with a smile. Instinctively, Anamoyo recoils, the old look of distrust appears in her eyes; she would give much to get away, but it is too late! For a paltry bit of salt, she has been brought to this - a visit to these 'foreigners'!

What took place between Anamoyo and the Sisters? The story would be too long. But when, an hour later, the "old sorceress", as they used to call her, made her way back to the village her feelings for the White Sisters, though she dared not yet admit it - were far different from before, and many a prejudice that she had thought unshakable, had tumbled down. Some she cherished still, it is true, but with the help of grace, she let them go one by one, amulets and all, and not one trace remained the day when Anamoyo, stricken with a new attack, sent for the Sisters, herself, this time. She welcomed them delighted, and asked them to give her the best medicine of all, the Baptism she had already seen administered to some of her companions, which had helped them to die so happily.

But Anamoyo, now Johanna, was not to rejoin them right away. As she said herself, God in His infinite mercy must have wanted to give her time to repair the harm she had caused all around her in days gone by. For some years afterwards, Johanna, who had dragged down so many souls towards the kingdom of darkness, strove to lift them up to the Kingdom of Light, fulfilling with exemplary fidelity all her duties as a Catholic till the day when she too, entered peacefully into her last long sleep.

As she looks down on us may she pray for the one she used to call here below: "Her father, her mother, her lord, her master," as well as for the souls of so many poor Africans who are still in slavery to the devil.

Saving His Face

AN IMPORTANT Marabout had been attending the clinic for some time. According to the Kabylians, he was a very great Marabout indeed, more worthy of honor than Mahomet himself. Each of his utterances was treated as an oracle.

In appearance he had the physique of Hercules, matched with a voice that could wake the surrounding echoes. Besides all this, he was a man of outstanding character, a good patriot having sent six sons to serve under the colors and be wounded many times in the course of battle. He said of himself that he was deeply religious, declaiming to all who would listen that he was one of God's fools. "God is my Master," cried he. "I love Him, I adore Him, I desire His pleasure and His alone."

Now this fine fellow arrived at the dispensary one morning with his hand in a bandage. In answer to Sister's inquiries as to the cause of his wound, the Marabout replied: "I am ashamed to admit it, but my ass has bitten me."

Near by stood some urchins who had come to give respectful greetings to the great man. One of them, seeing the bandage asked what had happened. The Marabout, however, made no reply at all. In fact, he seemed rather put out by the question. Noticing this, the Sister said to him: "Some wicked one has done it."

The Marabout gazed at her in admiration, but still said nothing. After the children had gone away, however, he spoke: "I am an old man now and have travelled much. But never have I met such a woman as you. Words of truth and justice are in your every sentence. Heaven will be your reward. You spoke the truth just now, yet you did not betray my secret and so put me to shame. In fact, it was a wicked one that bit me. Whether it was my bull, or my ass, or my mule, they are all wicked ones. Truly, only God could have lent you such wisdom and discretion."

After his wound was dressed, he turned again to the Sister, saying: "I have nothing to give. Have no fear, however, your name is written in God's book. He will give you the reward you deserve." Then addressing the other patients, he cried: "Even if the Sister has no medicines for your ills come just the same, for her words of wisdom will cure you!"

Sister M. St. Sylvester, W. S.

What A Drum Can Do

WOULD YOU believe it? A drum once transformed a village? Quite true! The name of the village is Butembe; the country Uganda.

Our first appearance in the village excited no enthusiasm. Next to no children had come to meet us as the Blacks generally do. As to their parents, we did not even get a glimpse at them. Attendance at school was poor.

A Catechist was in charge of Butembe, for neither Fathers nor Sisters were resident there at the time. He was worried. "What shall I do?" he asked, "the children will not come to pray. Really it is their parents who prevent them. They send their children to herd their goats in the meadows all day."

Next time we visited Butembe we encouraged all the people to send their children to school, and the Catechist was promised a drum to call his pupils with — it would replace a bell.

Two months later we called at Butembe again. Such a welcome we had this time! A whole "regiment," headed by the "drummer," came to greet us as we approached the village, and the drum never stopped resounding till one and all had turned out of their huts and made their way to the village church.

At Catechism time some sixty children were ready with correct answers, a few could even read just a little bit. (Catechism is taught orally in bush schools.)

What a change had come over Butembe in a few weeks, and all thanks to that drum. On Sundays those who can do so, walk to the nearest Mission for Holy Mass. The others answer the drum-call to church, and there the prayers for Mass are read aloud by the Catechist so that all can follow. Sometimes, when the Catechist feels up to it, he even comments upon the Gospel of the day.

He is now in the seventh heaven: "My drum, my dear, precious drum! What marvels it has wrought since you gave it to me. The children are so quick to respond, and we pray so well together!"

That evening the villagers accompanied us part of the way home, to drum accompaniments, of course, and all are exceedingly grateful for their new-found happiness.



Acknowledgments

We wish to express our gratitude to the Catholic Daughters of New Brunswick, N. J., and the members of the Lady of Africa Mission Guild, Jersey City, N. J., for their generous annual food shower which was certainly most successful. May God bless and reward each and every one with the promised hundredfold.

RANSOMED PAGAN BABIES

Mr. O. Godin, Springvale, Me.
Miss H. M. Armbrust, Philadelphia, Pa. (2 babies)
Annunciation School, Florence, Mass.

HELPED TO SUPPORT THE LEPERS

Mrs. G. B. Yale, Glendale, California.

TO KEEP A SANCTUARY LAMP BURNING

Miss F. Kulpa, Buffalo, N. Y.
Mrs. B. Jakubowicz, Clinton, Mass.

PROVIDED BREAD FOR THE ORPHANS

Mr. J. Delhaye, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. E. Godro, Southbridge, Mass.
Miss M. M. Santori, New York, N. Y.
Mr. Wm. Kaplinski, Jackson, Mich.

Guy de Fontgalland

By Rev. L. L. McReavy

ONE DAY he was taken to a matinee cinema performance at the Opera House, and it was pointed out to him that he was a lucky lad to be going to such a great place at his age. He laughed heartily. "That proves what real copy-book parents I've got," he said. Which all goes to show that despite the stirring events of recent months, he was as much a lad as ever. Progress in sanctity had not destroyed his saving sense of humor.



But neither for that matter had it completely quelled his temper; he was still liable to boil over on occasion. One night he so far lost control of himself as to repeat with vigor to someone: "You drive me mad!"

His mother intervened. "To-morrow you shan't go to Communion." She could hardly have inflicted a severer punishment, and she knew it. But she did not know that Guy had other ways of going to Christ. The saints fall: they too are frail. But the prompt ardor of their repentance often lifts them to a higher level of charity than they had reached before their fall. So it seems to have been with Guy, for as he kissed his mother when leaving for school on the morrow, he said: "You know, mamma, it really doesn't matter my having my Communion stopped. Little Jesus and I — we love each other. And so, you see, we settle everything between us."

There are certainly more kinds of Communion than that of the Holy Table.

Chapter III.

GUY TELLS HIS STORY

Sunday, November 30th, being Guy's eleventh birthday, was observed with due solemnity, much cutting of cake, lighting of candles, and popping of corks. But the

OBITUARY

Rev. D. Collins, Oswego, N. Y.
Rev. G. Dallaire, W. F., Navrongo, Gold Coast.
Rev. Bro. Gerard, W. B., St. Martin, P. Q., Canada.
Sister M. Boniface, W. S., Bois-le-Duc, Holland.
Sister M. Louise de Marillac, St. Charles.
Sister M. St. Ronan, W. S., St. Charles.
Sister M. Marcienne, W. S., St. Charles.
Sister M. Armelle, W. S., St. Charles.
Mrs. A. Beaucage, Lowell, Mass.
Mr. Thibodeau, Lowell, Mass.
Mrs. Jean, Lowell, Mass.
Rev. J. D. McGann, Worcester, Mass.
Sister M. Bertrandis, W. S., Treves, Germany.
Mr. Reilly, So. Orange, N. J., Guild Member.
Mrs. E. Markano, Metuchen, N. J.
Mrs. M. A. Baker, Pittsburg, Pa.

WILL

**Our Legal Title is
The Missionary Sisters of
Our Lady of Africa
Metuchen, N. J.**

Don't forget the missions in your WILL! You will never regret it, now or later. Why not include this clause?

"I hereby bequeath to the Missionary Sisters of Our Lady of Africa for use in their African Missions, the sum of Dollars."

general merriment had hardly had time to subside when with brutal suddenness, on the night of December 7th to 8th, eleventh anniversary of his Baptism, he was stricken down by serious illness. In the middle of the night his cry was heard, and his mother running quickly to his bedside, found her child already in the throes of suffocation.

His hour was come. Three long years he had waited for it to strike, and now at last it had sounded, he was prepared, not only for death, which could but relieve his suspense, but for the painful unbending of his soul, which he had dreaded more than death.

(to be continued)

Nomenclature of the Missions in Which The White Sisters Labor

ALGERIA

Mother House
Algiers 4 missions
Ain-el-Arba
Attafs
Birkadem
Birmandries
El-Affroun
Maison Carree
Rivet

TUNISIA

Bizerte
Carthage
Kairouan
La Marsa
Thibar 2 missions
Tunis
Tunis Sidi Brahim

ATLAS MOUNTAINS

Akbou
Beni-Mengallet 2 missions
Beni-Yenni
Bou-Nouh
Djemaa-Saharidj
Iril-Ali
Ouat' hias
Oued-Aissi
Taguemount-Azouz
Tizi-Ouzou

SAHARA

Ain-Sefra
Biskra 2 missions
El-Golea
Ghardaia
Geryville
Laghout 2 missions
Ouargla
Touggourt

GOLD COAST

Navrongo

FRENCH WEST AFRICA UGANDA

Bamako 2 missions
Bodo-Dioulasso
Kira
Koupela
Mandyakuy
Ouagadougou 2 missions
Toma
Samoe
Segou

KENYA COLONY

Mangu
Mombasa

NYASSALAND

Bembeke
Likuni
Mua
Ntakataka

TANGANYKA TERRITORY

Bukumbi
Kagondo
Kala
Kate
Karema
Kigoma
Kisa
Mary Hill
Mbulu
Mugana
Mwansa
Mwazzie
Ndala
Ujiji
Ukerewe
Ushirombo
Sumwe
Tabora
Zimba

Bwanda
Hoima
Kisubi
Nkozi
Rubaga
Toro
Villa Maria

RHODESIA

Cilubi
Cilubula 2 missions
Ipusikiro
Kayambi
Lubwe
Minga

BELGIUM CONGO

Albertville 2 missions
Baudoinville
Bobandana
Bunya
Costermanville
Kamisuku
Kasongo
Katana
La Fomulac
Logo
Loulenga
Mpala
Boukeye

RWANDA URUNDI

Astrida
Issavi 2 missions
Kabgaye
Katara
Muguera
Muyaga
Nyondo
Rushubi
Rwasa
Usumbura
Zaza

In these 118 missions the White Sisters conduct 37 hospitals, 29 Maternity Hospitals, 44 Baby Welfare Centers, 98 Dispensaries, 9 Leper Colonies and visit the sick at domicile. Thus, through the care of the body, souls are won for God. Then for the moral and social education of the women and girls the Sisters also conduct 57 workrooms, 111 schools — primary, high and normal — 47 orphanages, catechetical classes at the missions and, to lead chosen souls to the state of perfection, 15 native Novitiates.

In order to maintain all these spiritual and corporal works of mercy, the White Sisters have recruiting houses, procures and sanitariums in BELGIUM, CANADA, ENGLAND, FRANCE, GERMANY, and HOLLAND.

Would you not like to help in their works and share their merits?

See inside of front cover.



Be a "Double"
for the
Mother of
God.

Why Not be a "DOUBLE" for the Mother of God at this Christmas Season?

Mary and Joseph lovingly and tenderly cared for the
Christ-Child and nourished Him - They Gave All for Him.

We have confidence this year you will again Sacrifice
and GIVE for our dark-skinned "Orphans of Africa" and
their comrades who MAKE UP the BREAD LINE.

The Mother of God would Fill this Slip or the Stocking
with Her DONATION. PLEASE BE HER "DOUBLE"

Your Christmastide will be
Blessed and Happy.



May you receive the reward of your sacrifice.

As "DOUBLE" for the Mother of God, I GIVE for the
Bread Line and orphans of Africa.

\$

Name _____

Address _____

Send to: White Sisters Convent, Metuchen, N. J.

